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THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Drury-Lane.	*Edinburgh*, 1762.
Goodwill,	Mr Shepard.	Mr Charteris.
Lucy, his daughter,	Mrs Clive.	Mrs Jackson.
Blister, an apothecary,	Mr Harper.	Mr Hollingsworth.
Coupee, a dancing-master,	Mr Languerre.	Mr Hallion.
Quaver, a singing-master,	Mr Salway.	Mr Tannet.
Wormwood, a lawyer,	Mr Macklin.	
Mr Thomas, a footman,	Mr Este.	Mr Taylor.

SCENE, *A Hall in* Goodwill's *House in the Country.*

GOODWILL *solus.*

WELL, it is to me surprising, that out of the multitudes who feel a pleasure in getting an estate, few or none should taste a satisfaction in bestowing it. Doubtless a good man must have vast delight in rewarding merit; nor will I believe it so difficult to be found. I am at present, I thank Heaven and my own industry, worth a good L. 10,000, and an only daughter; both which I have determined to give to the most worthy of my poor relations. The transport I feel from the hope of making some honest man happy, makes me amends for the many weary days and sleepless nights my riches have cost me. I have sent to summon 'em. The girl I have bred up under my own eye; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and has consequently no will but mine. I have no reason to doubt her consent to whatever choice I shall make.——How happily must my old age slide

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away, between the affection of an innocent and dutiful child, and the grateful return I may expect from a so-much obliged son-in-law! I am certainly the happiest man on earth. Here she comes.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you send for me, papa?

Good. Yes; come hither, child. I have sent for you, to mention an affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

Lucy. I hope it is not to send me to a boarding-school, papa.

Good. I hope my indulgence to you has been such, that you have reason to regard me as the best of fathers. I am sure I have never deny'd you any thing but for your own good: Indeed I have consulted nothing else. It is that for which I have been toiling these many years; for which I have deny'd myself every comfort in life; and from which I have, from renting a farm of L. 500 a-year, amassed the sum of L. 10,000.

Lucy. I am afraid you are angry with me, papa.

Good. Be not frighten'd, my dear child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one question—What does my little dear think of a husband?

Lucy. A husband, papa! O la!

Good. Come, it is a question a girl in her sixteenth year may answer. Shou'd you like to have a husband, Lucy?

Lucy. And am I to have a coach?

Good. No, no; what has that to do with a husband?

Lucy. Why, you know, papa, Sir John Wealthy's daughter was carry'd away in a coach by her husband; and I have been told by several of our neighbours, that I was to have a coach when I was married. Indeed I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a husband in my whole life, that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my sleep; and methought it was the purest thing! ——

Good. Lock up a girl as you will, I find you cannot keep her from evil counsellors. [*Aside.*]—I tell you, child, you must have no coach with a husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a coach without a husband.

Good. What, had you rather have a coach than a husband?

Lucy. Hum—I don't know that—But if you'll get me a coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a husband.

AIR I. *Thomas, I cannot.*

Do you, papa, but find a coach,
And leave the other to me, Sir;
For that will make the lover approach,
And I warrant we shan't disagree, Sir.
No sparks will talk
To girls that walk,
I've heard it, and I confide in't:
Do you then fix
My coach and fix,
I warrant I get one to ride in't, to ride in't,
I warrant, &c.

Good. The girl is out of her wits, sure. Hussey, who put these thoughts into your head? You shall have a good sober husband, that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't though, if I can help it; for Miss Jenny Flant-it says, a sober husband is the worst sort of husband in the world.

Good. I have a mind to sound the girl's inclinations. Come hither, Lucy; tell me now, of all the men you ever saw, whom shou'd you like best for a husband?

Lucy. O fy, papa, I must not tell.

Good. Yes, you may your father.

Lucy. No, Miss Jenny says I must not tell my mind to any man whatever. She never tells a word of truth to her father.

Good. Miss Jenny is a wicked girl, and you must not regard her. Come, tell me the truth, or I shall be angry.

Lucy. Why, then, of all the men I ever saw in my whole life-time, I like Mr Thomas, my Lord Bounce's footman, the best, a hundred thousand times.

Good. Oh fy upon you! like a footman?

Lucy. A footman! he looks a thousand times more like a gentleman than either Squire Foxchase or Squire Tankard, and talks more like one, ay, and smells more like

like one too. His head is so prettily dreſt, done all down upon the top with ſugar, like a froſted cake, with three little curls on each ſide, that you may ſee his ears as plain! and then his hair is done up behind juſt like a fine lady's, with a little little hat, and a pair of charming white ſtockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legged fowl; and he always carries a great ſwinging ſtick in his hand, as big as himſelf, that he would knock any dog down with who was to offer to bite me. A footman indeed! why, Miſs Jenny likes him as well as I do; and ſhe ſays, all the fine young gentlemen that the ladies in London are ſo fond of, are juſt ſuch perſons as he is.——Icod, I ſhould have had him before now, but that folks told me I ſhould have a man with a coach; and that methinks I had rather have, a great deal.

Good. I am amaz'd! But I abhor the mercenary temper in the girl worſe than all—What, child, would you have any one with a coach? Would you have Mr Achum?

Lucy. Yes indeed would I, for a coach.

Good. Why, he is a cripple, and can ſcarce walk acroſs the room.

Lucy. What ſignifies that?

AIR II. *Wully Honey.*

When he in a coach can be carry'd,
What need has a man to go?
That women for coaches are marry'd,
I'm not ſuch a child but I know.
But if the poor crippled elf
In coach be not able to roam,
Why then I can go by myſelf,
And he may e'en ſtay at home.

Enter Bliſter.

Bliſt. Mr Goodwill, your humble ſervant. I have rid twelve long miles in little more than an hour. I am glad to ſee you ſo well; I was afraid, by your meſſage—

Good. That I had wanted your advice, I ſuppoſe: Truly, coz, I ſent for you on a better account——Lucy, this is a relation of your's you have not ſeen a great while, my couſin Bliſter the apothecary.

Lucy. O la! I hope that great huge man is not to be my huſband.

Bliſt. My couſin is well grown, and looks healthy. What apothecary do you employ? He deals in good drugs, I warrant him.

Good. Plain wholeſome food and exerciſe are what ſhe deals in.

Bliſt. Plain wholeſome food is very proper at ſome time of the year, with gentle phyſic between whiles.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear Lucy, I muſt talk with your couſin.

Lucy. Yes, papa, with all my heart—I hope I ſhall never ſee that great thing again. [*Exit.*

Good. I believe you begin to wonder at my meſſage; and will perhaps more, when you know the occaſion of it. In ſhort, without more preface, I begin to find myſelf going out of the world, and my daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore reſolv'd to ſee her ſettled without farther delay. I am far from thinking vaſt wealth neceſſary to happineſs: Wherefore, as I can give her a ſufficient competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own relations. It will pleaſe me, that the fruits of my labour ſhould not go out of the family. I have ſent to ſeveral of my kinſmen, of whom ſhe ſhall take her choice; and as you are the firſt here, if you like my propoſal, you ſhall make the firſt application.

Bliſt. With all my heart, couſin; and I am very much oblig'd to you. Your daughter ſeems an agreeable young woman, and I have no averſion to marriage. But pray, why do you think yourſelf going out of the world? Proper care might continue you in it a conſiderable while. Let me feel your pulſe.

Good. To oblige you; though I am in very good health.

Bliſt. A little feveriſh—I would adviſe you to loſe a little blood, and take an emulſion, with a gentle emetic and cathartic.

Good. No, no, I will ſend my daughter to you; but pray keep your phyſic to yourſelf, dear couſin. [*Exit.*

Bliſt. This man is near ſeventy, and I have heard never took any phyſic in his life; and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the doctor's hands all his lifetime. 'Tis ſtrange; but if I marry his daughter, the

the ſooner he dies the better. It is an odd whim of his to marry her in this manner: but he is very rich; and ſo, ſo much the better.——What a ſtrange dowdy 'tis! No matter, her fortune is never the worſe.

'AIR III. *Round, round the mill.*

'In women we beauty or wit may admire;
'Sing trol, lerol.
'But ſure as we have them, as ſurely they'll tire;
'Oh ho, will they ſo?

'Abroad for theſe dainties the wiſe therefore roam;
'Sing trol lerol:
'And frugally keep but a plain diſh at home;
'Oh ho, do they ſo?

'Who marries a beauty, muſt hate her when old;
'Sing trol lerol.
'But the older it grows, the more precious the gold.
'Oh ho, is it ſo?

Enter Lucy.

Oh, here comes my miſtreſs. What a pox ſhall I ſay to her? I never made love in my life.

Lucy. Papa has ſent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a boarding-ſchool, I am ſure I would not have come; but they ſay I ſhall be ſhipt there, and a huſband can't whip me let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

Bliſt. Won't you pleaſe to ſit down, couſin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, Sir.——Since I muſt ſtay with you, I may as well ſit down as not. [*Aſide.*

Bliſt. Pray, couſin, how do you find yourſelf?

Lucy. Find myſelf?

Bliſt. Yes; how do ye do? Let me feel your pulſe. How do ye ſleep o'nights?

Lucy. How? why, upon my back generally.

Bliſt. But I mean, do you ſleep without interruption? are you not reſtleſs

Lucy. I tumble and toſs a good deal ſometimes.

Bliſt. Hum! Pray how long do you uſually ſleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven hours.

Bliſt. Is your ſtomach good? Do you eat with an

appetite? How often do you find in a day any inclination to eat?

Lucy. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unleſs it be at breakfaſt, dinner, and ſupper, and afternoon's nunchion.

Bliſt. Hum! I find you have at preſent no abſolute need of an apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that—I wiſh he was gone with all my heart. [*Aſide.*

Bliſt. I ſuppoſe, couſin, your father has mentioned to you the affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him, in making me the happieſt man upon earth?

Lucy. You need not aſk me; you know I muſt do what he bids me.

Bliſt. May I then hope you will make me your huſband?

Lucy. I muſt do what he'll have me.

Bliſt. What makes you cry, Miſs? Pray, tell me what is the matter?

Lucy. No; you will be angry with me if I tell you.

Bliſt. I angry! it is not in my power; I can't be angry with you: I am to be afraid of your anger, not you of mine; I muſt not be angry with you whatever you do.

Lucy. What! muſt not you be angry let me do what I will?

Bliſt. No, my dear.

Lucy. Why then, by goles! I will tell you—I hate you, and I can't abide you.

Bliſt. What have I done to deſerve your hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing: but you are ſuch a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my papa was to lock me up for a twelvemonth, I ſhould hate you ſtill.

Bliſt. Did not you tell me juſt now you would make me your huſband?

Lucy. Yes, ſo I will for all that.

AIR IV. *Now ponder well,* &c.

Ah, be not angry, good dear Sir,
Nor do not tell papa;

For

For though I can't abide you, Sir,
I'll marry you——O la!

Bliſt. Well, my dear, if you can't abide me, I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your father, I aſſure you I will not. Beſides, my dear, as for liking me, do not give yourſelf any trouble about that: it is the very beſt reaſon for marrying me; no lady now marries any one but whom ſhe hates; hating one another is the chief end of matrimony. It is what moſt couples do before they are marry'd, and all after it. I fancy you have not a right notion of a married life. I ſuppoſe you imagine we are to be fond, and kiſs, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, an't we?

Bliſt. Ha, ha, ha! an't we? No! How ignorant it is! [*Aſide.*]—Marrying is nothing but living in the ſame houſe together, and going by the ſame name; while I am following my buſineſs, you will be following your pleaſure; ſo that we ſhall rarely meet but at meals; and then we are to ſit at oppoſite ends of the table, and make faces at each other.

Lucy. I ſhall like that prodigiouſly—Ah, but there is one thing though—an't we to lie together?

Bliſt. A fortnight; no longer.

Lucy. A fortnight! that's a long time; but it will be over.

Bliſt. Ay, and then you may have any one elſe.

Lucy. May I? then I'll have Mr Thomas, by goles! why this is pure, la! they told me other ſtories. I thought when I had been married, I muſt have never liked any one but my huſband; and that if I ſhould, he would kill me: but I thought one thing though with myſelf, that I could like another man without letting him know it; and then a fig for him.

Bliſt. Ay, ay, they tell children ſtrange ſtories: I warrant they have told you, you muſt be govern'd by your huſband.

Lucy. My papa tells me ſo.

Bliſt. But all the married women in England will tell you another ſtory.

Lucy.

Lucy. So they have already; for they ſay I muſt not be govern'd by a huſband: and they ſay another thing too, that you will tell me one ſtory before marriage, and another afterwards; for that marriage alters a man prodigiouſly.

Bliſt. No, child, I ſhall be juſt the ſame creature I am now, unleſs in one circumſtance; I ſhall have a huge pair of horns upon my head.

Lucy. Shall you? that's pure; ha, ha, what a comical figure you will make! but how will you make 'em grow?

Bliſt. It is you that will make 'em grow.

Lucy. Shall I? By goles, then I'll do't as ſoon as ever I can; for I long to ſee 'em. Do, tell me how I ſhall do it.

Bliſt. Every other man you kiſs, I ſhall have a pair of horns grow.

Lucy, By goles! then, you ſhall have horns enough; but I fancy you are joking now.

AIR V. *Buff-coat.*

Ah, Sir, I gueſs
You are a fibbing creature.

Bliſt. Becauſe, dear Miſs,
You know not human nature.

Lucy. Marry'd men, I'll be ſworn,
I have ſeen without horn.

Bliſt. Ah, child! you want art to unlock it:
The ſecret here lies,
Men now are ſo wiſe,
To carry their horns in their pocket.

Lucy. But you ſhall wear your's on your head; for I ſhall like 'em better than any other thing about you.

Bliſt. Well, then, Miſs, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Bliſt. Yes, my dear.

Lucy. Ah, but don't call me ſo; I hate you ſhould call me ſo.

Bliſt. Oh, child, all marry'd people call one another *my dear,* let 'em hate one another as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well then, my dear—Hum! I think

think there is not any great matter in the word neither.

Bliſt. Why, amongſt your fine gentry, there is ſcarce any meaning in any thing they ſay. Well, I'll go to your papa, and tell him we have agreed upon matters, and have the wedding inſtantly.

Lucy. The ſooner the better.

Bliſt. Your ſervant, my pretty dear. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Your ſervant, my dear. Naſty, greaſy, ugly fellow. Well, marriage is a charming thing though: I long to be married more than ever I did for any thing in my life: ſince I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By goles, I'll make him know who is at home ——Let me ſee, I'll practice a little. Suppoſe that chair was my huſband; and, ecod, by all I can find, a chair is as proper for a huſband as any thing elſe: Now, ſays my huſband to me, *How do you do, my dear?*—Lard, my dear, I don't know how I do! not the better for you. *Pray, my dear, let us dine early to-day.*—Indeed, my dear, I can't.—*Do you intend to go abroad to-day?*—No, my dear.—*Then you will ſtay at home?*—No, my dear.—*Shall we ride out?*—No, my dear—*Shall we go a viſiting?*—No, my dear.——I will never do any that I am bid, that I am reſolv'd; and then Mr Thomas! O good, I am out of my wits.

AIR VI. *Beſſy Bell.*

La! what ſwinging lies ſome people will tell!
I thought when another I'd wedded,
I muſt have bid poor Mr Thomas farewel,
And none but my huſband have bedded:
But I find I'm deceiv'd; for as Michaelmas day
Is ſtill the forerunner of Lammas,
So wedding another is but the right way
To come at my dear Mr Thomas.

Enter Coupee.

Heyday! what fine gentleman is this?

Coup. Couſin, your moſt obedient and devoted humble ſervant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine gentry, by his not having any meaning in his words.

Coup. I have not the honour to be known to you, couſin;

couſin; but your father has been ſo kind to give me admiſſion to your fair hands.

Lucy. O Gemini Cancer! What a fine charming man this is!

Coup. My name, Madam, is *Coupee*, and I have the honour to be a dancing-maſter.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to dance?

Coup. Yes, my dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty dance. Did you never learn to dance?

Lucy. No, Sir, not I; only Mr Thomas taught me one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great fault in your education; and it will be a very great happineſs for you to amend it, by having a dancing-maſter for your huſband.

Lucy. Yes, Sir; but I am not to have a dancing-maſter: my papa ſays I'm to have a naſty ſtinking apothecary.

Coup. Your papa ſays! What ſignifies what your papa ſays?

Lucy. What! muſt I not mind what my papa ſays?

Coup. No, no; you are to follow your own inclinations. I think if ſhe has any eyes, I may venture to truſt 'em. [*Aſide.*]—Your father is a very comical queer old fellow, a very odd kind of a ſilly fellow, and you ought to laugh at him. I aſk pardon though for my freedom.

Lucy. You need not aſk my pardon, for I am not at all angry; for between you and I, I think him as odd queer a fellow, as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I ſay.

Coup. I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous uſage of you; to lock up a young lady of beauty, wit, and ſpirit, without ever ſuffering her to learn to dance! Why, Madam, not learning to dance, is abſolute ruin to a young lady. I ſuppoſe he took care enough you ſhould learn to read.

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and ſpell too.

Coup. Ay, there it is; why now, that's more than I can do. All parents take care to inſtruct their children in low mechanical things, while the genteel ſciences are neglected. Forgive me, Madam, at leaſt, if I throw

myſelf

myſelf at your feet, and vow never to riſe till lifted up with the elevating fire of your ſmiles.

Lucy. Lard, Sir! I don't know what to ſay to theſe fine things——He's a pure man. [*Aſide.*

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the leaſt ſpark of your love; the leaſt ſpark, Madam, would blow up a flame in me, that nothing ever could quench. O hide thoſe lovely eyes, nor dart their fiery rays upon me, leſt I am conſumed.—Shall I hope you will think of me?

Lucy. I ſhall think of you more than I will let you know. [*Aſide.*

Cou. Will you not anſwer me?

Lucy. La! you make me bluſh ſo, I know not what to ſay.

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to dance: a dancing-maſter would have cur'd her of that. Let me teach you what to ſay, that I may hope you will condeſcend to make me your huſband.

Lucy. No, I won't ſay that; but—

AIR VII. *Tweed Side.*

O preſs me not, Sir, to be wife
To a man whom I never can hate;
So ſweet a fine gentleman's life,
Should never be four'd with that fate.

But ſoon as I married have been,
Ungrateful I will not be nam'd;
Oh ſtay but a fortnight, and then,
And then you ſhall—Oh, I'm aſham'd.

Coup, A fortnight! bid me live to the age of——of ——Mr What's-his-name? the oldeſt man that ever liv'd. Live a fortnight after you are married! No, unleſs you reſolve to have me, I will reſolve to put an end to myſelf.

Lucy. O do not do that; but indeed I never can hate you; and the apothecary ſays no woman marries any man ſhe does not hate.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean fellows as thoſe every fine lady muſt hate; but when they marry fine gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. O, but I would not have you think I love you.

I assure you I don't love you: I have been told I must not tell any man I love him. I don't love you, indeed I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy. Lard, Sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miss Jenny says, I must always give myself airs to a man I like. [*Aside.*

Coup. Hope, Madam, at least, you may allow me: the cruellest of your sex, the greatest tyrants, deny not hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the least crumb of hope. —Hope indeed! what do you take me for? I'll assure you! No, I would not give you the least bit of hope, though I was to see you die before my face. It is a pure thing to give one's self airs. [*Aside.*

Coup. Since nothing but my death will content you, you shall be satisfy'd even at that price. [*Pulls out his kitt.*]—Ha, curs'd fate! I have no other instrument of death about me than a sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a way; within the orchard there is an apple-tree; there, there, Madam! you shall see me hanging by the neck.

There shall you see your dancing-master die;
As Bateman hang'd for love—e'en so will I.

Lucy. O stay!——La, Sir, you're so hasty——Must I tell you the first time I see you? Miss Jenny Flant-it has been courted these two years by half a dozen men, and nobody knows which she'll have yet; and must not I be courted at all? I will be courted: indeed so I will.

Coup. And so you shall; I will court you after we are married.

Lucy. But will you indeed?

Coup. Yes, indeed; but if I should not, there are others enough that would

Lucy. But I did not think married women had ever been courted though.

Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to dance. Why, there are abundance of women who marry for no other reason, as there are several men who never court any but married women.

Lucy. Well then, I don't much care if I do marry you; but hold, there is one thing—but that does not much ſignify.

Coup. What is it, my dear?

Lucy. Only I promis'd the apothecary juſt now; that's all.

Coup. Well, ſhall I fly then, and put ev'ry thing in readineſs?

Lucy. Ay, do; I'm ready.

Coup. One kiſs before I go, my deareſt angel; and now one, two, three, and away. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Oh dear ſweet man! He's as handſome as an angel, and as fine as a lord. He is handſomer than Mr Thomas, and, icod, almoſt as well dreſt. I ſee now why my father wou'd never let me learn to dance: for, by goles! if all dancing maſters be ſuch fine men as this, I wonder every woman does not dance away with one. O la, now I think on't, he pull'd out his fiddling-thing, and I did not aſk him to play a tune upon't—but when we are married, I'll make him play upon't: icod, he ſhall teach me to dance too—he ſhall play, and I'll dance; that will be pure. O la, what's here? another beau!

Enter Quaver.

Quav. Madam, your ſervant. I ſuppoſe my couſin Goodwill has told you of the happineſs he deſigns me.

Lucy. No, Sir, my papa has not told me any thing about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the honour of being a diſtant relation of your's; and I hope to be a nearer one. My name is *Quaver*, Madam; I have the honour to teach ſome of the firſt quality to ſing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to ſing?

Quav. I like her deſire to learn to ſing; it is a proof of an excellent underſtanding [*Aſide.*]—Yes, Madam, I will be proud to teach you any thing in my power; and do believe I ſhall not yield to any one in the ſcience of ſinging.

Lucy. Well, and I ſhall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable voice, only I don't know the notes.

Quav. That, Madam, may be acquired; a voice

cannot. A voice muſt be the gift of nature; and it is the greateſt gift nature can beſtow. All other perfections, without a voice, are nothing at all. Muſic is allowed by all wiſe men to be the nobleſt of the ſciences: whoever knows muſic, knows every thing.

Lucy. Come then, begin to teach me, for I long to learn.

Quav. Hereafter I ſhall have time enough. But at preſent I have ſomething of a different nature to ſay to you.

Lucy. What have you to ſay?

AIR VIII. *Dimi Caro.*

Quav. Deareſt charmer,
Will you then bid me tell
What you diſcern ſo well,
By my expiring ſighs,
My doating eyes,
My doating eyes?
Look through th' inſtructive grove,
Each object prompts to love;
See how the turtles play,
Each object prompts to love;
All nature tells you what I'd ſay.

Lucy. O charming! delightful!
Quav. May I hope you'll grant—
Lucy. Another ſong, and I'll do any thing.

Quav. Deareſt creature,
Pride of nature!
All your glances
Give me trances.
Deareſt, &c.

Lucy. Oh, I melt, I faint, I ſwoon, I die!
Quav. May I hope you'll be mine?
Lucy. Will you charm me ſo every day?
Quav. And ev'ry night too, my angel.

Enter Coupee.

Coup. Heyday! what do I ſee? my miſtreſs in another man's arms? Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what buſineſs you have with that lady?

Quav.

Quav. Pray, Sir, be ſo good as to tell me what buſineſs you have to aſk?

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

Coup. Sir, this lady is my miſtreſs.

Quav. I beg to be excus'd for that, Sir.

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

AIR IX. *Of all the ſimple, &c.*

Coup. Excuſe me, Sir; zounds, what d'ye mean?
I hope you don't give me the lie.

Quav. Sir, you miſtake me quite and clean;
Indeed, good Sir, not I.

Coup. Zounds, Sir, if you had, I'd been mad;
But I'm very glad that you don't.

Quav. Do you challenge me, Sir?

Coup. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Quav. Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what's the matter? I beſeech you, ſpeak to me, one of you.

Coup. Have I not reaſon? Did I not find you in his arms?

Quav. And have I not reaſon? Did he not ſay you was his miſtreſs, to my face?

AIR X. *Molly Mog.*

Lucy. Did mortal e'er ſee ſuch two fools?
For nothing they're going to fight;
I begin to find men are but tools,
And both with a whiſper I'll bite.
With you I am ready to go, Sir,
I'll give t'other fool a rebuff: [*To Coupee.*
Stay you but a fortnight or ſo, Sir,
I warrant I'll grant you enough. [*To Quav.*

Quav. Damnation!

Coup. Hell and confuſion!

[*They draw,* Lucy *runs out.*

Enter Bliſter.

Bliſt. For Heaven's ſake, gentlemen, what's the matter? I profeſs I am afraid you are both diſorder'd.

Pray, Sir, give me leave to feel your pulſe; I wiſh you are not light-headed.

Coup. What is it to you, Sir, what I am?

Quav. How dare you interfere between gentlemen. ſirrah?

Coup. I have a great mind to break my ſword about your head, you dog!

Quav. I have a great mind to run you through the body, you raſcal!

Coup. Do you know who we are?

Quav. Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to do with?

Bliſt. Dear gentlemen; pray, gentlemen.——I wiſh I had nothing to do with you; I meant no harm.

Coup. So much the worſe, ſirrah; ſo much the worſe.

Quav. Do you know what it is to anger gentlemen?

Enter Goodwill.

Good. Heyday! What, are you fencing here, gentlemen?

Bliſt. Fencing, quotha! they have almoſt fenced me out of my ſenſes, I am ſure.

Coup. I ſhall take another time.

Quav. And ſo ſhall I.

Good. I hope there is no anger between you. You are nearer relations than you imagine to each other.—Mr Quaver, you was ſent out of England young; and you, Mr Coupee, have liv'd all your lifetime in London; but I aſſure you, you are couſin-germans: let me introduce you to each other.

Coup. Dear couſin Quaver!

Quav. Dear couſin Coupee.

Bliſt. It's but a blow and a kiſs with theſe ſparks, I find.

Coup. I thought there was ſomething about him I could not hurt.

Good. Here is another relation too, whom you do not know. This is Mr Bliſter, ſon to your uncle Bliſter the apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuſe our ignorance.

Bliſt. Yes, couſin, with all my heart, ſince there is no harm come on't; but if you will take my advice,

you

you shall both immediately lose some blood, and I will order each of you a gentle purge.

'*Enter* Wormwood.

'*Worm.* Your servant, cousin Goodwill. How do 'you do, Master Coupee? How do you do, Master 'Blister? The roads are very dirty; but I obey your 'summons, you see.

'*Good.* Mr Quaver, this is your cousin Wormwood 'the attorney.

'*Worm.* I am very glad to see you, Sir. I suppose, 'by so many of our relations being assembled, this is a 'family law-suit I come upon. I shall be glad to have 'my instructions as soon as possible, for I must carry 'away some of your neighbour's goods with executions 'by and by.

'*Good.* I sent for you on the account of no law-suit 'this time. In short, I have resolved to dispose of my 'daughter to one of my relations: if you like her, 'cousin Wormwood, with L. 10,000, and you should 'happen to be her choice—

'*Blist.* That's impossible; for she has promis'd me 'already.

'*Coup.* And me.

'*Quav.* And me.

'*Worm.* How! has she promis'd three of you?—— 'Why then, the two that miss her, will have very good 'actions against him that has her.

'*Good.* Her own choice must determine; and if that 'fall on you, Mr Blister, I must insist on your leaving 'off your trade, and living here with me.

'*Blist.* No, Sir, I cannot consent to leave off my 'trade.

'*Good.* Pray, gentlemen, is not the request reason-'able?

'*All.* Oh, certainly, certainly.

'*Coup.* Ten thousand pounds to an apothecary, in-'deed!

'*Quav.* Not leave off his trade!

'*Coup.* If I had been an apothecary, I believe I 'should not have made many words.

'*Good.* I dare swear you will not, cousin, if she 'should make choice of you.

'*Coup.* There is some difference though between us; 'mine is a genteel profession, and I shall not leave it 'off on any account.

'*Good.* I'll be judg'd by Mr Quaver here, who has 'been abroad and seen the world.

'*Quav.* Very reasonable, very reasonable—This man, 'I see, has excellent sense, and can distinguish between 'arts and sciences.

'*Good.* I am confident it would not be easy to pre-'vail on you to continue the ridiculous art of teaching 'people to sing.

'*Quav.* Ridiculous art of teaching to sing! Do you 'call music an art, which is the noblest of all sciences? 'I thought you a man of sense, but I find——

'*Coup.* And I find too.

'*Blist.* And so do I.

'*Worm.* Well, it is surprising that men should be 'such fools, that they should hesitate at leaving off their 'professions for L. 10,000.

'*Good.* Cousin Wormwood, you will leave off your 'practice, I am sure.

'*Worm.* Indeed, Sir, but I will not. I hope you 'don't put me upon a footing with fiddlers and dan-'cing-masters. No man need be asham'd of marrying 'his daughter to a practitioner of the law. What 'would you do without lawyers? Who'd know his 'own property?

'*Blist.* Or without physicians, who'd know when he 'was well?

'*Coup.* If it was not for dancing-masters, men might 'as well walk upon their heads as their heels.

'*Quav.* And if it was not for singing-masters, they 'might as well have been all born dumb.'

Good. Ha! confusion! what do I see! my daughter in the hands of that fellow!

Enter Lucy *and Mr* Thomas.

Lucy. Pray, papa, give me your blessing: I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am married to Mr Thomas.

Good. Oh Lucy, Lucy! Is this the return you make to my fatherly fondness?

Lucy. Dear papa, forgive me; I won't do so any more.

more.—Indeed I ſhould have been perjured, if I had not had him.—And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frighten'd and did not know what I did.

Good. To marry a footman!

Tho. Why, look ye, Sir; I am a footman, 'tis true, but I have good acquaintance in life. I have kept very good company at the hazard-table; and when I have other cloaths on, and money in my pocket, they will be very glad to ſee me again.

'*Worm.* Hark ye, Mr Goodwill; your daughter is 'an heireſs. I'll put you in a way to proſecute this 'fellow.'

Bliſt. Did not you promiſe me, Madam?

Coup. Ay, did not you promiſe me, Madam?

Quav. And me too?

Lucy. You have none of you any reaſon to complain; if I did promiſe you all, I promis'd him firſt.

'*Worm.* Look ye, gentlemen, if any of you will 'employ me, I'll undertake we ſhall recover part of 'her fortune.'

Quav. If you had given your daughter a good education, and let her learnt muſic, it would have put ſofter things into her head.

Bliſt. This comes of your contempt of phyſic. If ſhe had been kept in a diet, with a little gentle bleeding, and purging, and vomiting, and bliſtering, this had never happen'd.

'*Worm.* You ſhould have ſent her to town a term or 'two, and taken lodgings for her near the temple, that 'ſhe might have converſed with the young gentlemen of 'the law, and ſeen the world.

'AIR XI. *Buſh of Boon.*

'*Lucy.* Oh, dear papa, don't look ſo grum:
'Forgive me, and be good:
'For tho' he's not ſo great as ſome,
'He ſtill is fleſh and blood.
'What though he's not ſo fine as beaus,
'In gold and ſilver gay;
'Yet he, perhaps, without their cloaths,
'May have more charms than they.'

Tho.

Tho. Your daughter has married a man of some learning, and one who has seen a little of the world, and who by his love to her, and obedience to you, will try to deserve your favour. 'As for my having worn a livery, let not that grieve you; as I have liv'd in a 'great family, I have seen, that no one is respected for 'what he is, but for what he has: the world pays no 'regard at present to any thing but money; and if my 'own industry should add to your fortune, so as to in-'title any of my posterity to grandeur, it will be no 'reason against making my son or grandson a lord, that 'his father or grandfather was a footman.

Good. Ha! thou talk'st like a pretty sensible fellow; and I don't know whether my daughter has not made a better choice than she could have done among her booby relations. I shall suspend my judgment at present, and pass it hereafter according to your behaviour.

Tho. I will try to deserve it should be in my favour.

'*Worm.* I hope, cousin, you don't expect I should 'lose my time. I expect six and eight-pence for my 'journey.

'*Good.* Thy profession, I see, has made a knave of 'whom nature meant a fool. Well, I am now con-'vinc'd, 'tis less difficult to raise a fortune, than to find 'one worthy to inherit it.

AIR XII. *The Yorkshire Ballad.*

Blister.

Had your daughter been physic'd well, Sir, as she ought,
With bleeding, and blist'ring, and vomit, and draught,
This footman had never been once in her thought,
With his down, down, &c.

Coupee.

Had pretty Miss been at a dancing-school bred,
Had her feet but been taught the right manner to tread,
Gad's curse, 'twould have put better things in her head,
Than his down, down, &c.

Quaver.

Had she learnt, like fine ladies, instead of her prayers,
To languish and die at Italian soft airs,
A footman had never thus tickled her ears,
With his down, down, &c.

Lucy.

Lucy.

You may phyſic, and muſic, and dancing enhance,
In one I have got them all three by good chance;
My doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,
With his down, down, &c.

And though ſoft Italians the ladies controul,
He ſwears he can charm a fine lady, by Gole!
More than an Italian can do for his ſoul,
With a down, down, &c.

My fate, then, ſpectators, hangs on your decree;
I have brought kind papa here at laſt to agree;
If you'll pardon the poet, he will pardon me,
With my down, down, &c.

Let not a poor farce, then, nice critics purſue;
But like honeſt-hearted good-natur'd men do;
And clap to pleaſe us, who have ſweat to pleaſe you,
With our down, down, &c.

CHORUS.

Let not a poor farce then, &c.

THE

THE

L Y A R.

IN THREE ACTS.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Hay-Market.	*Edinburgh*, 1780.
	MEN.	
Sir James Elliot,	Mr Davis.	Mr Hallion.
Old Wilding, the Father,	Mr Caſtle.	Mr Colby.
Young Wilding,	Mr Foote.	Mr Wilkinſon.
Papillion,	Mr Weſton.	Mr Bailey.
	WOMEN.	
Miſs Grantham,	Mrs Jeffries.	Mrs Woods.
Miſs Godfrey,	Mrs Brown.	Miſs Mills.
Kitty, the Maid,	Mrs Parſons.	Mrs Charteris.

The Servants.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT various revolutions in our art,
Since Theſpis firſt ſung ballads in a cart!
By nature fram'd the witty war to wage,
And lay the deep foundations of the ſtage,
From his own ſoil that bard his pictures drew:
The gaping crowd the mimic features knew,
And the broad jeſt with fire electric flew.
Succeeding times, more poliſh'd and refin'd,
To rigid rules the comic muſe confin'd.
Robb'd of the nat'ral freedom of her ſong,
In artful meaſures now ſhe floats along.
No ſprightly ſallies rouſe the ſlumb'ring pit:
Thalia, grown mere architect in wit,

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